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The Saturday Review of Literature

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"ONLY ONE STORM"
By Granville Hicks
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman

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By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings
Reviewed by Carroll Munro

"BELOW THE POTOMAC"
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"DON PEDRO AND THE DEVIL"
By Edgar Maass
Reviewed by Charles David Abbott

GRANVILLE HICKS has written in "Only One Storm" a novel of "ideas, with all the values and sacrifices inherent in that kind of writing." *(See page 5)*

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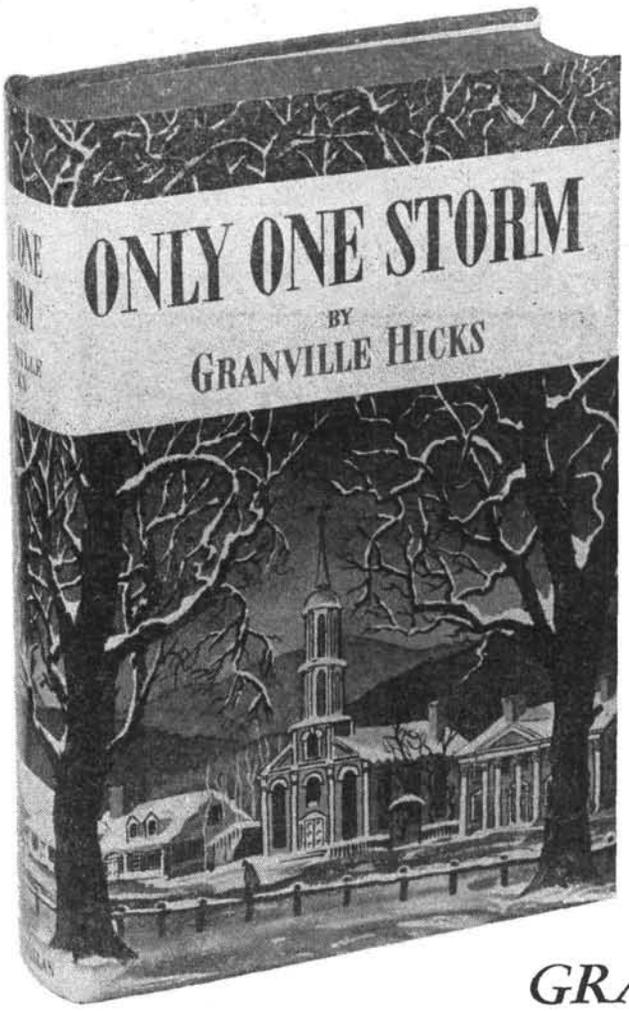

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Forty-Millionth Columbus

ALFRED WERNER

SUPPOSE a reactionary United States should, one day, for whatever political or racial reasons, force a group of its citizens to take refuge, say, in China—what would the majority of these refugees know about that hospitable country upon landing at Shanghai? They would have read the novels by Pearl S. Buck perhaps, and would expect to find "The Good Earth" complete in all details. Those who had seen the movie would feel some disappointment at discovering that not all Chinese men and women walk and talk like Paul Muni and Louise Rainer.

My psychic preparedness was not much better when, one wintry day in 1940, I left the tiny Norwegian freighter that set me ashore in Manhattan after a long odyssey from Liverpool across an ocean infested with U-boats. A typical young middle-class intellectual from Central Europe, I had constructed an imaginary "America" in my brain with the help of a number of books I had read, a lot of Hollywood movies I had seen, a few superficial conversations I had had with American visitors to my native Austria, and a flood of myths, legends, anecdotes, and jokes shouted or whispered in my ear by fellow-travelers no wiser than I, in the course of my five-thousand-miles journey to peace and recovery.

To be frank, I had not given too much thought to the Western hemisphere prior to the ghastly March 12, 1938 when the Nazis invaded hapless Austria and drove every "non-Aryan" or political enemy of fascism to seek some place of refuge abroad. As far as I remember, hardly any of the people I was acquainted with would ever have been caught "das land der Amerikaner mit der Selle suchend" (to quote the words of Goethe with a slight modification). Goethe's Iphigenie might well be imagined longing for the land of the Greeks, captive of barbarians that she was—but what reason had I, an arrogant European, to love Uncle Sam (or "Uncle Shylock", as he was called by the German nationalists in envious comparison of America's wealth with Germany's "poverty")? Wasn't Vienna still the heart of Europe, spiritually at least? Had it not been the capital of the erstwhile Holy Roman Empire, and later of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy? I patriotically indulged in the sweet memories of the past, pleasantly overlooking the fact that the country, with its area and population reduced to a tenth, had become a sadly impoverished though still charming Lilliputian state ruled by a clique of reactionaries who by their incautious act were facilitating Hitler's task of "liberating" his native country.

"If I had only known it would happen like that!" What would I have done? Studied enough English to be able to read the Gettysburg address? Subscribed to the European edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*? Gotten hold of one of the very few reliable *"Reisefuehrer"* (guide books) through North America so as not to arrive a totally ignorant "greenhorn"? In all sincerity, I doubt whether I would have made even such superficial preparations. And it is no small proof of tolerance and spiritual freedom, of magnanimity and civilization that an "enemy alien" is permitted to express publicly the belief I entertained until only a short while ago and millions of Europeans still hold—that the United States has no "Kultur" worth studying and that, for the prospective immigrant, no more mental readjustment is necessary than for an exile heading for North Rhodesia or Haiti.

"Was ist vergesslicher als Dankbarkeit?" What is more quickly forgotten than past kindnesses? Many of the men who are now out to sink American ships in the Atlantic were fed like myself in the years of want following the World War, by the European Children's Fund, which was managed by Herbert Hoover. "Don't forget to pray to the Lord for the good Americans who are helping us so generously," our school teacher used to tell us as she took us to the gymnasium where we received our daily free meals, after class.

BUT can anybody blame us for having quickly lost from memory everything but a faint romantic word, "America," when the adults were able to curse the man Wilson, whose whole peace aims were made absurd by blind politicians, the very man they had once looked to in hope, as to a new Messiah? But a youngster in Central Europe was usually well-informed at least about the America of—1820 or so. That is to say about colorful Tecumseh, the Shawnee chief, rather, than about Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of American Independence. For every youngster swallowed the cheap *"Indianerbuecher,"* some of them based on the novels of James Fenimore Cooper, with the utmost delight. As a boy I fought gloriously through the dangerous virgin forests of the New World with the courageous Pathfinder or wept bitterly over the cruel fate of the last of the Mohicans. (It was only recently, when I was already in this country, that I heard that American children don't care for the Leatherstocking tales any more. They still have a considerable sale in Europe, since for a Hitler boy the description of the scalping of a Mohican or a Huron is a good mental preparation for the moment when he will have to kill a Czech or a Pole.)

It was these and similar books that taught me all I knew of the geography

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of the United States, at least as far as lakes, rivers, and mountains are concerned. It was a shame how little American geography we learned at the *gymnasium*. We had to learn all the names and dates of the legendary seven Roman kings, from Romulus and Remus to Tarquinius Superbus, but neither Washington nor Lincoln existed for our history teacher who thought it was enough for us to know that America was discovered by Columbus.

There were, unfortunately, at least a few books from which I got some notion of America, though not of the "unexciting" nineteen-twenties—only the more romantic days before elevators, central heating, and bathrooms. Little realism was to be found in the novels of Karl May (1842-1912), whose seventy or more books occupy a place of honor in Adolph Hitler's library as well as in the heart of the average ten-year-old German boy. His stories of Old-Shatterhand, the palefaced avenger of all misdeeds, and his noble Apache friend, Winnetou, are overloaded with maudlin sentimentality, but they did enrich a boy's vocabulary with such terms as "tomahawk," "firewater," "pipe of peace," "wigwam," "squaw," and so on. More valuable than the novels of Karl May, who never set foot on American soil, were the realistic tales of the river pirates on the Mississippi or the gold prospectors of California by another German, Friedrich Gerstaeker (1816-1872), and the well-written stories of prairie life by Charles Sealsfield, which was the pen name of the Austrian-American Karl Postl (1793-1864).

THERE were some books by American authors that we read in our teens. But not many of them told us anything about American life. Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur," was the same sort of romantic dramatization of "Roman" life as was Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis." Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and Habberton's "Helen's Babies" were not descriptive of typical America, nor did we learn anything special about America from Mark Twain's highly amusing "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" (what a pity that we were too young to appreciate their irony and wisdom!). Jack London's "Call of the Wild" was a favorite, too. But the book that moved me deeply in my youth was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It permitted me at least a glimpse into the civilization of the South and the life of the American Negro. No other book ever moved me to tears as this one did.

In the last few terms of the *gymnasium*, when we studied English, our teacher tried to give us some idea of English literature, including even the more recent writers. He tried to give us the pure "Oxford accent"—he boasted of his, though I think his w's and th's were as horrible as those of any other German, but it never occurred to him to mention the American accent, possessed by some 130 million people. (In Soviet Russia they teach the children American English rather than "the King's English," which they regard as snobbish and "bourgeois"). Similarly, all we got to know of American literature was Emerson's essays, which, through the filter of our instructor, seemed cold and affected, and Longfellow's "Evangeline," which seemed rather a pathetic imitation of Vossen's "Luise" or Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea." Poe was excluded from the program, for "moral" reasons, I suppose. If this was all America could offer to world literature, we could hardly understand why our Goethe had extolled the New World in a poem full of prophetic hope: *America, du hast es besser,* in Lewisohn's translation:

> America, thy fate is kinder
> Than that of our old continent,
> No ruined keeps are thy reminder
> Of ages mis-spent.

No, thanks. American literature, for a time at least, meant classical boredom to me. Thus Goethe had warned these people in vain:

> Use then thy fortunate present as
> That when thy children come to write
> A kind fate guide them to forego
> The false romance of ghost and knight.

Of course I understood that the America of the Red Indians and their bloody tales was a thing of the past. It could not be inhabited solely by such stern, pale schoolmasters as Emerson and Longfellow either. Who represented the United States then? Funmakers like Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, or Charlie Chaplin? Demoniac actresses like little Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge? But then there were the rich, flat-chested American women who visited Austria and looked at everything through their lorgnettes and found everything "pretty nice"—whether a Max Reinhardt performance of "Faust" or a "Schuhplattler" dance of the Tyrolian peasants—women who hurried through the art galleries as if on roller skates and wanted to buy everything, from Saint Stephen's Cathedral down to a lock of Mozart's hair—if it didn't cost more than a couple of dollars. (Later I learned that most of these "millionaire" ladies were school teachers visiting Europe on their sabbaticals, and profiting by the immense value of their currency.)

My interest in America was quickened for a certain period. After all, I

(*Continued on page* 18)

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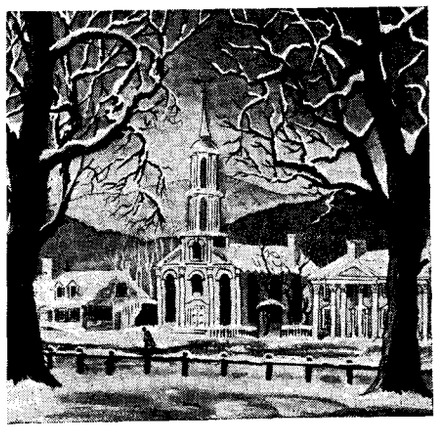
Pendleton and Its People

ONLY ONE STORM. By Granville Hicks. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 427 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN



—*From the book.*

BY the time we get to Page 29 of this novel and hear one of its chief characters say "If we're going to lick fascism we've got to build a fighting democracy from the grassroots up," we know what Mr. Hicks is after. He is worried, as are all of us, about the home battle more threatening than any global war. He is wondering how we may make a successful back-to-back fight, how we are going to face both ways at once so that in our struggle with the wolves outside we shall not be destroyed by the little foxes within. There is no question more urgent, and Mr. Hicks has written urgently of it, a long and important novel. It is a novel of ideas, with all the values and sacrifices inherent in that kind of writing. That is, its ideas are more stirring than those who express them, its landscape is intellectual rather than physical, and so also are its passions. The people in this book miss much of the wholeness of life that a creative artist might have given them. Nevertheless they are alive and stirring, if only with the ideas that move them. They illustrate every shade of thought that colors the American mind; with them Hicks is charting that mind for us, as it shifts under the impact of current history.

The scene is a small Massachusetts town, Pendleton. Canby Kittredge and his wife Christina serve as its focal points. They are intelligent, liberal, democratic, anxious for the good life, dismayed by the movement of events: Spain, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Munich, Poland. It is through them that we see Pendleton. Most interesting among the others is Wallace Burgin, a communist. Kittredge and Burgin provide the book's most exciting interplay of ideas, and for each an interesting line of direction might be drawn. For Kittredge the line would start from a point of agonizing doubt, move along a rising decision to be of some use in the world crisis, mount steadily toward a conviction that the communists have the answer, toward a climactic point, the Nazi-Soviet pact, from which it veers off on an independent tangent. Burgin's line begins on a high plane of faith in his philosophy, unswerving up to that same point, the pact, wavering there, recovering, suddenly to drop steeply in disillusionment. The pattern of these two lines makes the design of Hicks's thinking. It is to Canby Kittredge that he looks for the answer to American fascism, and we must now examine what that answer is.

Pendleton is organized after an old American system. It makes its laws at town meeting. It has selectmen, a preacher, a town moderator, a close, parochial democracy. Every conflict breaks out into the open and is fought out at close quarters. And here, with internationalism behind him, Canby finds the satisfaction of participating in democracy and making it work. The book closes on this note, as Canby's friend, a poet, says, "It would be wonderful if you could work out a plan for the democratic control of the whole machinery of production and distribution, but if you can't . . . it's a good idea to see that the six hundred people of Pendleton are as well governed as possible. At least you'll be helping to keep democracy alive on one sector of the front. . . . " This is Hicks's last thought on the question: a decentralization of democracy, on limited fronts, a return to the smaller units of government, that used to work and, he thinks, still would. Of course history is still against him, moving toward federation rather than decentralization. There seems to be as little likelihood of our ever retracing our steps toward a system of town democracy as there is of our returning to guild manufacture, and for the same reasons. Hicks's dilemma is that of proceeding from just and honest premises to an impracticable conclusion. Not a conclusion that would not work, but one that is simply not available any longer. Pendleton doesn't make history today, even its own. But read the book, for its thoughtful expounding of the problems of democracy, and for its exploration of every approach, every doorway.

Charlotte Durant's Double Heritage

WESTWARD THE SUN. By Brigid Knight. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1942. 364 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by A. D. CHARLES

LAST spring Mrs. Knight published her first novel, a sprawling chronicle of South American life that covered three generations. It was too long, too prodigal of character and incident, too emotionally ambitious, but its sheer narrative force augured well for its author's future. Something of its promise is fulfilled in this second novel. Mrs. Knight has obviously given study to her craft. The verbal diffuseness has gone and with it the unnecessary incident, the superabundant detail. Now every page counts in the building of a story that moves rapidly and dramatically to its inevitable climax. And, what is perhaps most important, in exercising economy she has lost none of the enthusiasm which made her first book, for all its faults, fresh and attractive.

This is the story of Charlotte Durant, half Boer, half English, whose double heritage gives her the capacity to share the deepest emotions of both sides in the struggles that led finally to the formation of the Union of South Africa. She is a Boer in her love for the physical reality of the Transvaal, in her quiet insistence upon its republican simplicity and freedom; she is British in her dream of a strong and effective union that can bring enlightenment and cultural opportunity to the primitive people among whom she lives, to whom she belongs. For one of her background and her blood, life was not easy under the *Vierkleur*. She saw her father, her brother, and a husband she did not love become violent partisans, only to lose themselves hopelessly and ineffectually in a struggle where each party in its own way had the right on its side. And throughout all the turmoil, strong in her intense feminine devotion to the man she loved, her second husband (whom she certainly deserved), she remained true to her own difficult convictions which were not so contradictory as they seem. She is a splendid creation, sturdily imagined and lovingly developed. The whole novel, in spite of its admirable portraits of Paul Kruger, Starr Jameson, and other celebrities, hangs upon her loves, her fears, her calm and magnetic humanity.

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T'Other Side of the Swamp

CROSS CREEK. By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. With decorations by Edward Shenton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 368 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CARROLL MUNRO

MARJORIE RAWLINGS raises oranges and good stories at Cross Creek. And, being a good novelist, she sees even more than meets the eye. Her "Cross Creek" more or less comprises the original research for a dozen novels, at least two hundred and sixty-five assorted short stories, and five and one-half serial stories suitable for publication in the very best women's magazines. Not that Mrs. Rawlings suitably disposes of any of the Cross Creek tales in a wholly pleasing and commercial manner as far as the women's magazines are concerned. Her eyes are too sharp for that; her romantic micrometer too accurately manipulated.

Cross Creek lies back yonder "t'-other side of the swamp. It's a bend in a country road, by land. . . ." And it's more than that. Cross Creek is sub-tropical, and it is lush. There are exotic birds and beasts about, snakes underfoot, oranges hanging on trees, five white families, two colored families, and assorted derelicts.

From time to time Mrs. Rawlings has been described as a "sophisticated city woman" who chooses to live in the Florida backwoods. It is a puzzling description. She is a good cook on her own admission. Although pardonably indifferent to rattlesnake hors d'-oeuvre, she knows a thing or two about "hush-puppies" and blackbird pie. Not that such knowledge implies a lack of sophistication. Rather it would seem to be indicative of what Cross Creek does to some people.

Marjorie Rawlings at Cross Creek

Mr. Tubble winds himself up on a tussock with a gallon jug. Higginbotham breaks his heart in the snake market. 'Geechee drinks corn liquor occasionally, all the time. Mister Marsh Turner drinks corn liquor all the time, occasionally. Kate contrives to mix up her sweetheart and her man Henry in the same bed and gets routed out at the point of a Winchester rifle. It is fun. And hard work. For Mrs. Rawlings knows well enough that it takes more than a Dutch Oven to make a meal. And she knows that it takes first-hand experience as well as artistry to make a good book.

This book is certainly first hand. Mr. Martin's pig was shot by Mrs. Rawlings. It was her dog Mandy the neighbors poisoned. And it was Mrs. Rawlings who prepared the duck her friend Dessie shot on the wing with a .22 rifle. Incidentally, Dessie would appear to be quite an individual. Daniel Boone might have taken her to wife had she been his contemporary. Throughout the years at Cross Creek Mrs. Rawlings takes things as they come, whether a frost in her orange grove, or an unjust feud with Tom Glisson. She has a way with her. Never does she forget that human relationships are difficult at best. Nor does she forget that Cross Creek, and perhaps almost everything on earth ". . . belongs to the wind and the rain, to the sun and the seasons, to the cosmic secrecy of seed, and beyond all, to time."

Cross Creek is in a sense an unclassifiable book. It is not a "local color" book. Nor would it fit into, although it might nudge the category of "Florida, Flora, and Fauna." It is not even a good sociological report. The Floyd family negate that possibility. No competent sociologist would admit into his

—Drawing by Shenton, from the book.

records the fact that the Floyds thoroughly enjoyed belonging to the underprivileged class. Rather, and for the lack of anything better, Cross Creek would seem to be pure Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. It's an autobiography. And for the sake of the record, it is necessary to add that Mrs. Rawlings does not make herself out either quaint, or amusing, or gay, or tragic. In "Cross Creek" she reveals herself as a good cook and an artist. That is an accomplishment, indeed, for one woman.

The Range of Stephen Leacock

MY REMARKABLE UNCLE. By Stephen Leacock. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1942. 313 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THIS is Stephen Leacock at the top of his form—a sly extravagance, a bountiful sense of farce, a generous humor (how like at times he is to Dickens) run through this book. One of his prettiest tricks is the way in which he adds depth and a new turn to an old joke. He makes it part its whiskers differently, and sends it out wonderfully refreshed and refurbished; and his humor springs naturally and gracefully out of serious thought and serious comment. Here, for instance:

> I do not for a moment disparage the current "humor" of the London press, written in the light of incendiary fires and in the imminence of death. It's brave stuff. It is a tradition of the English people not to cry: they hate sentiment; and the Scots go even further: they keep not only their sorrows but even their jokes to themselves.

There is a fine range of subjects and variety of treatment in these sketches. In many, as in the title-story, Mr. Leacock recalls his boyhood in Canada, his birth in the Isle of Wight. (I hope the islanders will forgive his inclusion of that land in the county of Hampshire, a mere governmental convenience.) There are very sound essays on literary subjects, with far more sense then a great deal of heavily pondered esthetic stuff. There are papers on fishing. There is an excellent explanation of the great game of cricket, though by some lapse of memory, Mr. Leacock does not mention the bails. Of the papers on Christmas "War-Time Christmas" is a masterpiece. It has everything from its riotous opening to its solemn, exultant conclusion. My favorite among the lighter pieces is "Among the Antiques"; and among the war essays "Why is the United States?" should be compulsory reading for all politicians. Here's a book that is often close enough to the war, yet a merry and heartening book that will help to keep its readers' spirits up.

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Spirit of the New South

BELOW THE POTOMAC: A Book about the New South, by Virginius Dabney. New York: D. Appleton-Century. 316 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HOWARD W. ODUM

IT has often been said that the South is the best documented of any of the major regions of the United States of America. This is meant to indicate that it has been studied and explored, criticized and praised, and documented as a problem area more than any other division of the land. Perhaps something of the same characterization may be made with reference to its regional literature if we include the contributions of the earlier romantic writers, North and South, as well as the later more realistic authors, who have sought to portray more of the pathological aspects which appeal to the literary artists and out-of-the-region critic. So, too, within recent years, this body of literature about the South, written by its own authors and by others, has perhaps constituted, both in number of titles and in the distinction of their awards, a sort of plurality of regional literature. In fiction and in drama the Southern regional works have ranked high both in the special awards and in best sellers. The list is too long to catalogue, yet we may cite, on the one hand, the Pulitzer awards and two best sellers, "Gone With the Wind" and "So Red the Rose."

In between these two areas of writing there is a third group of contributions which go a long way toward providing an adequate portraiture of the Southern United States within recent years. Many of these have been books bottomed in economic, statistical, sociological, and historical research. But, also, in this group it is interesting to note a small but rather distinctive catalogue of volumes and a considerable list of titles in periodical literature, written by authors whose work is primarily in the field of journalism. Representative of these authors are Gerald W. Johnson, Jonathan Daniels, W. J. Cash, John Temple Graves II, Mark Ethridge, and Virginius Dabney.

If there is a new point of view in these volumes, perhaps it is the assumption that the way of the South in the future is to be the way of America, and that the role of the South in the nation is no longer one of sectionalism but of the broader regionalism, in which the South, New England, and other regions become component units in the total of a great national, integrated culture rather than isolated constituent sections, denoting their own separatism. Although this important step forward has already been reflected in the great body of regional novels in and about the South, as well as other regions, they imply, rather than document, the new emphasis. Although they reflect regional culture, they do it as units in what might be envisaged as the great American novel, which it is assumed must be a composite of all of them. These popular interpretations, on the other hand, constitute a more direct and realistic portraiture of the living South.

This latest volume is by Virginius Dabney, author also of "Liberalism in the South." His "Below the Potomac" is characterized as "A Book about the New South" and features this regional interpretation as a part of the important task of understanding America. Perhaps his first task in this approach is to point out that the fantastic South which has been pictured for the nation, both by the romanticists and the super-realists, is a South that never was. Thus, the South has had the double handicap of its own sectionalism and isolationism and the almost universal mental picture of cultural separatism, which the rest of the country has assumed to be real. What Mr. Dabney has done in his clearly written volume is to try to picture the South in a genuine, realistic way with facts, figures, pictures, and characterizations that really interpret the South's role in the nation.

Within recent years the schools of the South as well as the colleges and universities have been examining more realistically the facts about regional culture and economy, so that there is in spirit and in truth a new South, a young and growing South, asking many questions of itself and also more and more comparing the South with the rest of the nation. Recently a Southern author, invited to answer questions asked him by pupils of the elementary and high schools, was asked this question: "Professor, recently the President of the United States has called the South the nation's economic problem number 1. Do you think, sir, he has slandered the South?" Mr. Dabney does not think that the President has slandered the South, but rather was exercising more than usual concern over one of the "have not" regions of the nation, whose resources justify a more abundant economy.

Mr. Dabney undertakes to answer many of the questions that are asked about the South and to clear up many of the apprehensions not only in his gentle and delightful satire upon the fantastical conceptions of the South, but in his realistic chapters on "Politics and Purgation," "Dixie and the New Deal," and "Barriers to the Ballot." He examines the common assertions about civil liberties, looks into the limitations of the college and universities, explores the Southern color line with special reference to the Negro and his schooling. He appeals to the South for tolerance, reviews some of its reputed examples of intolerance, but also points out the relation of this to earlier frontier America and to other regions of the United States. As further indication of his emphasis on the new national-regional rather than local-Southern viewpoint, he features a region and a nation with "no North, no South," and challenges the South to look abroad, utilizing its regional economy and its peculiar aptitude for patriotism to develop "a civilization worthy of the men who have made America the hope of the world in this the crisis of the centuries."

Virginius Dabney

Howard W. Odum is the author of "Southern Regions," a standard work in its field.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Pinocchio," by Carlo Collodi.
2. The Elephant's Child, in "Just So Stories," by Rudyard Kipling.
3. Rosa Dartle, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.
4. "Cleek of the Forty Faces," by Thomas W. Hanshew.
5. Corporal Bardolph, in "1 Henry IV," by William Shakespeare.
6. Gwynplaine, in "The Man Who Laughs," by Victor Hugo.
7. "The Dong with the Luminous Nose," by Edward Lear.
8. "Tristram Shandy," by Laurence Sterne.
9. "Silas Marner," by George Eliot.
10. "Cyrano de Bergerac," by Edmond Rostand.

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Prophet of Pearl Harbor

THE VALOR OF IGNORANCE. By Homer Lea. With an introduction by Clare Boothe. New York: Harper & Brothers. 344 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILBUR BURTON

GENIUS frequently consists only in seeing the obvious before anyone else does. In this respect, the bitter, somewhat mad, hunchbacked Homer Lea, who died at the age of thirty-six in 1912, was definitely a genius, but readers who have only recently heard of him may take him too seriously. Miss Boothe herself confesses she never heard of him until she was in Manila in October, 1941.

This reviewer first heard about Homer Lea in China fifteen years ago and he was reminded of him again sufficiently to read the book now under discussion shortly after the Japanese invaded Manchuria in 1931 and so launched the Second World War.

"The Valor of Ignorance" was first published in 1909. After a lengthy treatise on history in almost Biblical language, Lea outlined in strategic detail a war between the United States and Japan in which the latter within six months successfully invaded our West Coast, and "this heterogeneous Republic, in its principles shall disintegrate, and again into the palm of a re-established monarchy pay the toll of its vanity and its scorn."

The reviewer could not in 1932, and cannot in 1942, follow the last part of Lea *under present conditions,* but to Lea he is indebted to a considerable extent for formulation of a thesis on which he stood pat for a decade: that Japan's course of empire did not primarily involve either Russia or China, but the Western Pacific. The reviewer, of course, did not anticipate that Japan would signalize the launching of this fundamental phase of her empire-building by a surprise attack on Pearl Harbor—which was possible only through America's ultimate manifestation of *the valor* of ignorance.

Lea, of course, was ahead of his time, but when he wrote a Japanese invasion of the United States was actually not fantastic. As he pointed out, China was utterly impotent, Russia had been cut off from the Pacific by the war of 1904, and Japan was in alliance with Great Britain. Further, the United States then had virtually no defenses excepting a navy—and Lea was not of the Admiral Mahan school of thought. And it is definitely although only dimly known—because of Japanese ability to keep secrets—that there was a strong move in Japan in 1911-12 to wage war on the United States before the Panama Canal was completed.

Lea, it may be observed, knew Japan well at first-hand, through residence there in the entourage of Dr. Sun Yat-sen; and above all, he had a ruthlessly realistic mind. He was never an emotional "Yellow Perilist"; he merely applied a theory of the history of man as a predatory animal to Japan in relation to the United States, and while details of the situation changed, his basic analysis remained unchanged up to Dec. 7, 1941.

> To the over-industrial development of the United States [he says] we have the corresponding political growth of Japan; to the under-political development of the Republic, there is to be found in Japan a production of wealth unequal to its political growth. The quotient of this equation has been, throughout the entire career of the human race, war.

With scorn for the "International Arbitrationists" who would substitute "Cagliostroic formulas" for "natural laws," he also scores the delusion that material wealth gives any assurance of victory in a war; instead: "The richer a nation is in time of peace, the poorer it is in time of war . . . A nation can become so rich that its wealth will bankrupt it in a war with a country poor but frugal and warlike . . . In recent times no means of deception are so widely employed as statistical tables."

There was nothing new in all this, but the world is now relearning it in the hard way. Solon long ago observed that war "was made with iron and not with gold," and Machiavelli devoted a discourse to the theme that "money is not the sinews of war, although it is generally so considered." And there is the more modern adage of the revolutionary Blanqui that "he who has iron has bread." Well, the Japanese now have all the iron they require—for war purposes—thanks both to the scrap we sold them (for gold) and their recent conquests.

Lea also cited, as a historical truism and with many historic examples, that nations conquer when they are poor—and are conquered when they are rich.

Although his role as a Chinese general has been greatly exaggerated by those who now seek to popularize him—he was actually mainly a mascot in Celestial realities, which was also the function of Joan of Arc according to Anatole France—Lea was a profound military strategist, and in the field of strategy it is amazing how much of what he said has been proven since last Dec. 7. When Japan launched war on us, he said, our navy would be divided between the Pacific and Atlantic

Homer Lea

or the whole of it would be in the Atlantic, and either condition would "insure instant Japanese naval supremacy." And he also said that "a war between Japan and the United States will be determined not by naval but land battles."

More than two decades before he wrote, as he cited, Japan began "her predetermined march to the Empire of the Pacific." And he recorded what the State Department had probably forgotten even as far back as 1909: that Japan had protested American annexation of Hawaii and had notified Washington that "she would not then, nor at any time in the future, acquiesce in the control of the Hawaiian Islands by this nation." So from Tokyo's viewpoint, the attack on Pearl Harbor last Dec. 7 was merely in historical reckoning!

The pacifist David Starr Jordan called Lea "vulgar" and "loud-mouthed." Presumably he should have merited the appreciation of Theodore Roosevelt, who also advocated the "strenuous life" both individually and nationally, but in 1915 Roosevelt wrote that "there is no nation in the world more worthy of admiration and respect" than Japan, and "there is not the slightest real or necessary conflict of interests between Japan and the United States in the Pacific."

A little later came the Lansing-Ishii agreement—recognizing Japan's "special rights" in China—and President Wilson after the First World War consented to Japanese "mandates" over all the ex-German islands of the Pacific north of the equator.

Thus and only thus was made possible the attack on Pearl Harbor—that Lea had predicted thirty-two years previously. Had he been even more psychic he might have entitled his book "The Fatality of Stupidity."

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Wheel without Axis

NORTH AMERICA: Wheel of the Future. By Hawthorne Daniel. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 293 *pp., and index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BRUCE BLIVEN

THIS book is, roughly speaking, an attempt at an American doctrine of geopolitik. Mr. Daniel does not mention Haushofer, but he offers a thesis directly contradictory to the German notion that whoever controls the world's "heartland," the central continental mass of Eurasia, will rule the planet. On the contrary, Mr. Daniel believes that nowadays oceans connect the world instead of dividing it, and on this and other assumptions he predicts the future, as follows:

The war will end with a defeat for Germany, Italy, and Japan, but this will bring no really serious economic, social, or political changes. We shall simply have more of the same thing we have now, in certain parts of the world, and less of it in others. The Pacific is to be the chief theater for the white race. The British Empire will continue to exist geographically as at present constituted, but its center of gravity will shift away from the British Isles. The United States will be the chief industrial nation of the world, and Canada will be second. The native inhabitants of Indo-China, Burma, India, the Dutch East Indies, et cetera, will continue under European rule, but will be more industrialized and their standard of living raised. The world will be policed jointly by the United States and Great Britain, which will coöperate closely but will never federate.

France and Italy will remain second-class powers. Germany must be sternly controlled and her people re-educated until they get rid of their bloodthirst as other peoples (*e.g.*, the Scandinavian) have done. Russia is a country with state socialism, not communism; it will continue to move farther toward our brand of liberal democracy. Britain will slowly lose population and somewhat more rapidly lose industry. Japan will have to be held down until she abandons her ideas of aggression. China, shocked into wakefulness by Japan's attack, will become industrialized and powerful, and we should try to keep her as a friend. Latin America will expand and improve, but will not become of outstanding importance. In the United States the center of power will tend to shift from the East coast to California, Oregon, and Washington, and in Canada, British Columbia will play an increasing role.

I cannot find in this book any real recognition that war has economic causes. Mr. Daniel attributes the First World War entirely to Germany, and thinks she was crazy to start it when she had been doing so well in world trade during the preceding quarter of a century. The present war was started because Europe "went raving mad." He faces with equanimity the prospect that the whole world will presently be more or less industrialized and that every country will presumably build an export trade in factory products (selling them to whom?) though of course he recognizes that raw materials and agriculture will also play a part. He thinks that as long as the United States and Great Britain continue to sit on the lid, everything will be all right. Our own population will get slightly smaller, but the standard of living, for us and everyone else, will rise to unparalleled heights.

I don't mind Mr. Daniel's guessing about the future, even though I think some of his guesses are ill advised. Even if we beat the Japanese and the rest of the Axis—and I wish I could take our victory as casually for granted as Mr. Daniel does—it is my guess that white imperialism in the Orient is ended forever. I agree with him that it is probably true that the countries around the Pacific will play an increasing role in the world of the future. But I feel he gravely underestimates the values inherent in the cultural pattern in one country or another—special skills, types of activity, habits of thought, that have gone on for generations. Twenty years ago it was the fashion to say that Great Britain was finished, just as Mr. Daniel inclines to do now, but she wasn't, and it was British knowledge, experience, techniques, especially in world trade, that saved her.

What really terrifies me is Mr. Daniel's doctrine that broadly speaking, this is just another war, with no implication of sweeping social change, and that after it is over we shall go on much as before. If he happens to be right, then the same causes that brought about the first and second world wars will bring about the third and presumably the fourth and fifth and so on. He sees the world dominated by an Anglo-American imperialism, though he does not call it by any such unfriendly word. He thinks war between Britain and the United States is unthinkable; but he passes lightly over the problem of maintaining permanent friendly relations while competing fiercely in the sphere of trade and investment. Economic motives bulk much less importantly in the world than many people supposed a few years ago; but they cannot be ruled out entirely.

I am sure that Mr. Daniel speaks for a large number of people in his attitude about war. They do not believe that any kind of revolution is sweeping the world. They feel that this is a simple case of aggression, and that once we have beaten the aggressors, we can go back to business as usual, modified only with a busier technology and a higher minimum standard of living. They do not see, or they deny, that it was business as usual that was largely responsible for bringing about the First World War directly and the second one indirectly. Perhaps the people who think this way are right; but if they are, then surely the future, for generations to come, is dark indeed.

Dodd, Mead Award

The seventh Dodd, Mead Redbook Magazine prize of $10,000 has just been awarded to Ellen Proctor of Minneapolis for a novel entitled "Turning Leaves." Publication of the story in Redbook Magazine will be followed by book publication under the Dodd, Mead imprint in late summer or early fall. Mrs. Proctor began work on her novel three years ago, rewriting it several times before submitting it for the prize. It is her third novel, two earlier manuscripts having been completed but not offered for publication.

—From a cartoon by Fitzpatrick in "The March of Democracy."
Coming out of hibernation.

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COMENIUS

THERE were no parades in Prague last Saturday, no celebrations to mark an important day in the history of the Czechoslovakian people. It was the anniversary of an event associated with the story of civilized progress, but this is Occupied Europe in 1942, and the philosophy of the nihilist has no room for anything related to civilized progress. And so the people of Czechoslovakia last Saturday carried quietly in their hearts the memory of John Amos Comenius, who taught them that to be good citizens of Czechoslovakia they had to be good citizens of the world.

He was born in Moravia three hundred and fifty years ago, on March 28, 1592. He was born at a time when progress was still something of a phenomenon, for it was only the dawn after the Dark Ages and everywhere big clubs were wielded by small minds trying to hold back the day. He was born John Amos Komensky but history knows him by his Latinized name —appropriately so, for he was a Latin scholar and writer of stature. History also knows him as the outstanding Czechoslovakian of the seventeenth century, a man of vision and ideas, a teacher whose influence, whether in regard to educational concepts or democratic philosophy, was to leap across the oceans and become stronger through the centuries. And whether as educator or democrat, Comenius is still new, still strong and challenging, still filled with the vibrant and timely quality that we like to think belongs to the word "modern." More than three centuries ago he charted the techniques and goals of the present-day progressive educator. He taught the importance of stimulating the intellectual salivary glands as the purpose of real education; he tried to steer clear of dogma and arbitrary theory; he favored learning by doing, understanding between parent and teacher, and, in fact, almost every tenet now associated with "new" trends in contemporary educational theory. He was the first to champion so effectively free, compulsory general education for both sexes, the first to come out so boldly for academic freedom. To him is owed a debt of gratitude not only by the modern illustrated textbooks but by our illustrated magazines as well, for Comenius was the first Westerner to conceive and project a picture book, which he called the "Orbis Pictis."

But it is in the field of political philosophy that Comenius's importance for our own times is emphasized. His approach was strictly that of an educator, but his eyes were able to see the reality of mutuality among peoples. He saw great hidden collective strengths in the similarities among men everywhere, and deplored the ignorance which made them stress their differences. But he saw books as speaking a universal language and looked forward to the day when books which could be read by all would tell them that the human race is really the human family, that nations must come together if they are to survive.

The civilized minds of his day recognized the value of the man and his work, but the small minds, the troglodytes, did not understand him, and because they did not understand were disturbed and tried to destroy him and his work. There was bigotry and prejudice. There were the Spanish troops which swept away his property, and later there was the persecution of the Protestants. Comenius died in 1670 but his many writings, notably "The Gate of Tongues" and "The Great Didactic" continued to live and grow in importance.

And yet such is his stature and meaning for our times that he is as much a part of the fight today as any of our living writers who devote themselves and their writings to the preservation of a world where books are not suspected, feared, and destroyed, but examined, analyzed, and integrated, if worthy, into the general body of knowledge. But if Comenius is fighting our fight, no less are we fighting his. For the small minds and troglodytes are still with us; they are at grips with us on the battlefield and some of them are even to be found at home, tugging at our sleeves while we are trying to take aim, obstructing, impeding, belittling, believing the worst and doubting the best—scornful of the issues at stake and blind to the consequences if we should fail. Or perhaps they are not afraid of failure because they cannot bring themselves to believe that what we have is worth preserving. It is almost too bad that short-sightedness such as theirs cannot be put where it belongs—back in the eleventh century.

N. C.

The Great Land

By William Rose Benét

THINGS that are good and great my land has given,
of thought and word and deed, and heart and mind.
Now that the seas run high and night is blind
I will steer with mine own kind by the stars of heaven.
Yes, now that day goes dark and night glows red
and a wind is blowing as over desert sand,
my trust is with her living and her dead,
my faith bestead in the love of my own land.

Words that were harsh enough we have used against her
who nourished all our rage or gentlest thought,
who roused, who nobly urged, who subtly taught,
while with our small concerns we recompensed her . . .
Now, with high thunderheads and the storm breaking.
by day, by night, she is song along my blood,
the great land we have seldom understood.
Behind my opened eyes the tears are aching . . .

So I say, lift up your hearts where you see her striding
helmed and harnessed into furious dawn,
with her sons that crowd around her striding on
till all portentous evil find nowhere hiding;
and lift your voices too in a great shout
for victory's thunderclap on near occasions,
phalanx of eagles to free the captive nations,
stars in heaven no hurricane shall put out!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Paul Valéry and Oliver Allston

SIR:—After reading Waldo Frank's interesting article on criticism in a recent issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* I turned to Van Wyck Brooks's "Opinions of Oliver Allston" discussed in that article. It is my solemn opinion that this work is meant to be a satire—a satirical portrait. But satire or no satire, I think it would have been better if, before Van Wyck Brooks allowed Allston to discourse in print on French poetry, he could have induced that gentleman to learn to read it. On page 237 there is the following astonishing comment on a well-known poem of Paul Valéry's—

> Valéry prefers to contemplate women asleep, because sleep is a kind of death, *plus précieuse que la vie.*

But Mr. Allston or Mr. Brooks has totally miscomprehended Valéry's poem—it is an all-out misconception. The line which he quotes is from a poem called "La Fausse Morte" which is not about sleep at all; it is about sex. Valéry's commentator, the philosopher Alain, describes this particular poem as *indiscret,* or overly frank as we might say. The death to which the poem refers as *plus précieuse que la vie* is the swoon of the sex embrace. The poem is exquisitely written, a gem, and in such simple French that one wonders how Oliver Allston can make such hash of it. Similarly, Allston's comments on French symbolist poetry show that he could not have read two consecutive lines of any poet described as symbolist.

MARY M. COLUM
New York City

Banned

SIR:—I recently came across the following item in a U. S. bulletin issued by the Norwegian information service.

> Now it's the Oslo telephone directory which has offended the fine sensibilities of German authorities in Norway. Shortly after the 1941 edition appeared late in October, the Nazis discovered it still contained several listings for the royal Palace including members for the adjutants of the King and the Crown Prince. They immediately halted distribution, ordered the entire edition destroyed and a new one printed. Upon learning that this would take several months and cost a half million kroner, the Nazis compromised by ordering the offensive page bearing the Royal listings be torn out and replaced by a "correctly" printed one. This work is now going on. Meanwhile Oslo residents continue to use their 1940 directories which contain all the Royal listings.

Isn't that an historical event?—*Telephone book* on ban list!

AREJAS VITKAUSKAS
San Francisco

"Don't tell me you haven't read James Farrell's latest? I'm not recommending it, now mind you."

Literary Sniffing

SIR:—I am compiling an anthology of odors in literature—good and bad—and would appreciate the assistance of your readers in pointing out passages that should be included in such a collection.

I am interested in knowing of any passage in poetry or prose which describes an odor or odors. It is not of course necessary to send me books containing these passages, but merely to inform me as to the title of the book containing them, the author, and the page numbers if possible.

JAMES A. DECKER
Prairie City, Ill.

Akond of Swat

SIR:—My uncle, A. J. Dallas Dixon, Esquire (aged 91!) and I do the Crostics each week together and browse through the I.Q. afterwards. He is a wizard at both, I might add.

In the issue of February 28 there is, in the Literary Quiz question No. 13, the query, "Who, or which, or why, or what is the Akond of Swat?" Now, your answer lists Edward Lear as the author, and I do assure you that my venerable uncle is shocked at your mistake, as he distinctly remembers when the poem was written by a reporter for the *New York Herald* by the name of Lanigan. He remembers the circumstances of said reporter finding the short cable saying the Akond of Swat was dead and composing the rhyme just before the deadline for the morning paper. I also assure you that Mr. Dixon can repeat it word for word even now at his great age. He feels you MUST make a correction about this and asks me to write you accordingly as his own eyesight is poor and he cannot do it himself.

MARY S. DIXON
Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia

Mr. Dixon evidently has in mind another poem entitled "The Ahkoon of Swat," by George T. Lanigan, which, though equally entertaining, is not as well known as the one by Edward Lear. Lanigan's epic begins: "What, what, what, What's the news from Swat? Sad news, Bad news, Comes by cable led Through the Indian Ocean's bed, Through the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea and the Med-Iterranean—he's dead; The Ahkoon is dead."

HOWARD COLLINS

Cornish Litany

SIR:—I am trying to find the complete and accurate text of that portion of the Cornish litany which contains the lines:

> . . . from ghosties and ghoulies and things that go bump in the night, dear Lord protect us.

FRANCES REYNOLDS
Washington, D. C.

Praise Indeed

SIR:—The special issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* on Censorship and Propaganda should be *must* reading for editors *and* every newspaper and magazine reader in the nation. Copies have been given to staff members here.

ALLEN CHELLAS
Editor, *Click*
New York, N. Y.

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Weiskopf . . .

DAWN BREAKS. A novel from the V-front. By F. C. Weiskopf. Translated by Heinz and Ruth Norden. With decorations by Kurt Werth. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1942. 291 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by W. A. ALFRED

ACCORDING to the Viennese, the Orient begins on the Slovak side of the Danube. It is not surprising, therefore, that the average individual outside of the European continent envisions Slovakia as a quaint sylvan country comprised of little villages inhabited by colorfully costumed, song-and-dance peasants. All this is Slovakia, but, as seen with the eyes of a lover, the Slovak countryside is more than that: "Vast and rolling, nestling in the arms of the mountains, shining in summer glory with the warm fragrance of wild thyme and plum blossom, with white cumulus clouds over ripening vineyards and paprika fields and acres of grain, with little goose-girls trudging behind great herds, and with the sweet-sad piping of the shepherds on lonely mountain pastures."

This *was* Slovakia before Munich, when it was part of a highly democratic republic. But for the last three years it has been an "autonomous" protectorate, that is to say one of Germany's hapless vassal states, delivered into the enemy's hands by its native Quislings. With its territory reduced by the protector to half the size of South Carolina, with a population of less than two and a half million, economically completely in the hands of the Germans, exploited as a slave country bound to furnish the Nazis with cheap labor—there is no peacefulness left in this remote corner of Central Europe.

Consequently, one might expect to read one of the typical novels written in the anti-Fascist vein by European refugees, replete with unveiled propaganda and atrocities. "Dawn Breaks," however, is a blessed mixture of rustic tale and heroic legend. This may be due to the fact that the novel was written by a real poet who cleverly laid the scene of Europe's struggle for freedom in the romantic valleys and mountains of Eastern Slovakia rather than in the Nazi-occupied large capitals; thus the anti-fascist fighters are no intellectuals or trained party members, but simple country folk whose hero is still the legendary bandit Vavrinec who successfully waged his private war against the authorities.

The Nazis and the Quislings of the Hlinka guards predict that their New Order will last "forever." "Until things change," say the ordinary people in Slovakia as well as in neighboring Poland and Carpathia. The Slovaks do not expect the change to be performed by a miracle. Just as the Czech workmen ruin the gun barrels by blowing the foam of their beer into the white-hot steel so that the howitzers blow up at the front after a few firings, the Slovaks set all the stores of their German "friends" afire. They sabotage the plant of the *Deutscher Volksgenosse* with the Slav name, Petrzsilka. The freedom station cannot be silenced and the illegal pamphlets continue to be distributed all over the country in this guerilla warfare that combines the tricks of bushmen with the instruments of modern technique. Besides, it is no isolated uproar—the fighters for freedom get their American-made machine guns from Polish guerillas who, in their turn, got them from a Cossack detachment that broke through the German lines.

F. C. Weiskopf

Weiskopf is fully familiar with the people he describes so that he can place before the reader true men and women who, although of flesh and blood, with virtues and vices, are filled with an unquenchable thirst for independence. He has written a book optimistic in spirit, enchanting through its simple yet poetic language, through its vivid descriptions of the rough yet beautiful country, and by the many, often strange episodes characteristic of the indomitable Slav race. The translation, including the rendition of the poems, effectively conveys the poignancy of Wieskopf's style.

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Kaverin . . .

TWO CAPTAINS. By Benjamin Kaverin. New York: Modern Age Books. 1942. 442 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by R. L. NATHAN

THE chief characteristic of Mr. Kaverin's new novel is sheer exuberance, a boisterous good nature that romps headlong through the pages. Reading this, it is interesting to remember the adjectives that might once be applied to the Russian novel as a genus: moody, melancholy, introspective, fatalistic. Perhaps it will be possible, when more time has passed and more books have been studied, to make some conjectures on the effects of Russian history upon its literary expression. The mood here suggests certain tentative ideas, at any rate. Optimism, high spirits, speed of movement, and a joy in mechanism, physical adventure, and a tender romanticism—all of these, so familiar to the American novel, are here in a sort of pristine, just-out-of-the-shell state. Of course this effervescence has its drawback. Kaverin literally dances upon the surface of his tale. Nothing is examined or probed, we hardly stop to become acquainted with the characters, and the story strings out and multiplies details until we are hard put to it to follow.

Its central character is Sanya Grigoryev, a mute boy who performs the remarkable feat of learning to talk and leaps vigorously into social life. This in itself might have provided a literary study, but for Kaverin it is only a brisk little prelude. Sanya passes through a long series of escapades and adventures, and incidentally through the most exciting years of Russian history. There are the February revolution and the October days, the sovietizing of schools and towns, the development of Russian exploration in the Arctic. Sanya, at the very outset, has discovered some old letters from a vanished Arctic explorer. These present a mystery of identity and fate that Sanya pursues to its solution. He becomes at last an aviator and flies to the Arctic himself.

The lack of focus or emphasis anywhere in the book keeps it from having the unity it needs. Without Sanya as a recognizable constant it would have no form at all, and even Sanya cannot hold it together, being himself so volatile and unreflective a character. For this we are compensated with an atmosphere of wonderful lightness and flow, with gayety unforced and always entertaining. There is news of Russia here, of its mental climate, beyond what we can glean from among the embattled news columns.

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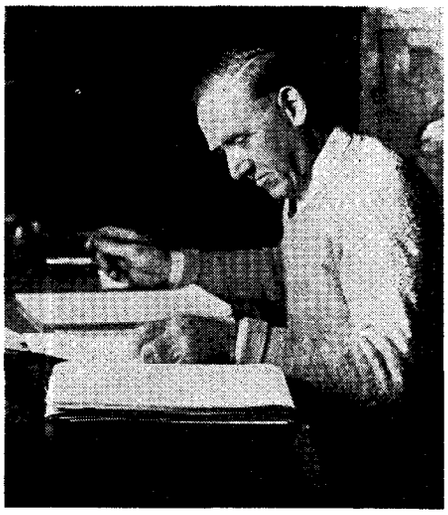
Edgar Maass



William McFee

Maass . . .

DON PEDRO AND THE DEVIL. By Edgar Maass. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1942. 634 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

FOR a man of action, Don Pedro de Cordova, through whose autobiographic reminiscences this novel is presented, was inordinately longwinded. Hidalgo and conquistador, he was not cast in the mold of a stout Cortés, brusque, terse, and open. He is an introvert, a prolix Hamlet, whose mental processes have anticipated by four centuries the case-studies of the Viennese school. He takes more than six hundred pages to uncover the deeds and, particularly, the emotional hesitancies and resolutions of his first twenty-eight years. It was, of course, no ordinary life that he led. He belonged to that expansive Spain which, under the Emperor Charles V, was reaping the wealth, ingesting the power that the great admiral's voyages had opened to her. His surface behavior is not very different from that of his friend Francisco Pizarro, but his thoughts (though not the expression of them) might have come from the mind that worked out "The Ambassadors" and "The Golden Bowl." He is an anomaly, a modern in the brainpan and elsewhere a swashbuckling Renaissance adventurer.

His outward life is vigorous enough. Caught young by the Inquisition for having fraternized with Moorish heretics, he escapes with the aid of some friendly thieves who become his faithful henchmen. Together they join Pizarro's expedition to Peru, where, after innumerable exciting episodes, Don Pedro wins the confidence of the captive Inca, Atahualpa. Riches are thrust upon him. He has conquered his kingdom, but in the process he has betrayed his nobility by failing to save the generous Inca from Pizarro's treachery. On his return to Spain he is greeted only with coldness, not only in official quarters but from his cherished lady and her upright father. He is crushed and bewildered. His conscience, which has been by no means sluggish up to this point, now works doubly hard until a complete regeneration is accomplished. Moreover, he is finally able to give physical evidence of his spiritual rebirth in a private jousting match before the Emperor, where he defends victoriously the cause of the suffering Indians. His lady's affection is rekindled, and his narrative closes with his appointment to return to Peru as advisor to the new viceroy.

This mixture of deeds and introspection makes a curiously complex and uneven novel. It might have been, and the chapters that describe the actual events in Peru distinctly are, historical romance in the orthodox tradition, vivid, terse, and spellbinding. It might have been, and those chapters are, Prescott translated out of his mild Gibbonese into a quicker but less subtle idiom. There is much learning throughout. Every page bristles with allusion. The Spain of Queen Juana, of Ignatius Loyola, and of the Grand Inquisitor, is meticulously and convincingly realized. Neither low life nor high life is left out of the picture. But it is Don Pedro's absorption in moral philosophy that receives the emphasis, and with all his anachronistic twentieth century equipment, he is less stimulating and less instructive than his contemporary Erasmus.

A new book publishing firm, the L. B. Fischer Publishing Corporation, 381 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C., begins its career this month. It is headed by G. B. Fischer and F. H. Landshoff, both long associated with established European publishing houses.

McFee . . .

SPENLOVE IN ARCADY. By William McFee. New York: Random House. 1941. 468 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

YEARS ago someone threw the mantle of Joseph Conrad over Mr. McFee's sturdy back—as far as this reviewer is concerned the fit is a little bit tight in the shoulders. Mr. McFee has all of Conrad's wonderful introspective sense for the person in the setting, but he also has a dry philosophic facility of appraisal, an ontological humor, and Conrad was stone blind to parallels and discrepancies of the kind that make one laugh in preference to ending it all with a dull razor. This is probably the richest book since Martin Flavin's "Mr. Littlejohn."

Mr. Spenlove is an English ship's engineer whose contact with travelling Americans has led him to wonder whether there is any reason behind their apparent insanity. Spenlove retires to a small house in Connecticut to find out and immediately falls in love with the wife of a lost soul, a lady who is divorcing a very successful magazine writer on the obvious grounds that he is his own worst bit of fiction.

Spenlove fights manfully against his attachment, for he knows that he is beached this time and that any compromises he makes with his habited freedoms will not be nullified by his arrival in a new port, as in the past. But the lady, whom Mr. Spenlove recognizes as a siren in the best Greek tradition, has a young daughter who admires the sailor, and the young daughter has a young dog which admires itself and no one else, but occasionally dissimulates. The trap is far too subtle for even a sailorman who knows Nietzsche and Rembrandt. Then, when he has been captured, it is Mr. McFee's trick to show Spenlove being led back to freedom, from the Connecticut place, by his captor.

This is a good and happy structure, but if the book had no plot at all it would live for its characters and their ripe reflections. "Ripe" is the word for the whole project; there is nothing unctuous or patronizing in its statements, for the whole charm of the thing is in the fact that Spenlove lives by a philosophy of doubt and question.

The intention of this review was to say that this is one of the best and wisest novels of the times since Arnold Bennett and "Arrowsmith" and "David Copperfield" and "Huckleberry Finn." The novel is a fresh experiment, but things like this make one believe that it is here to stay.

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Boyce . . .

THE PERILOUS NIGHT. By Burke Boyce. New York: The Viking Press. 1942. 560 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LEROY ARNOLD

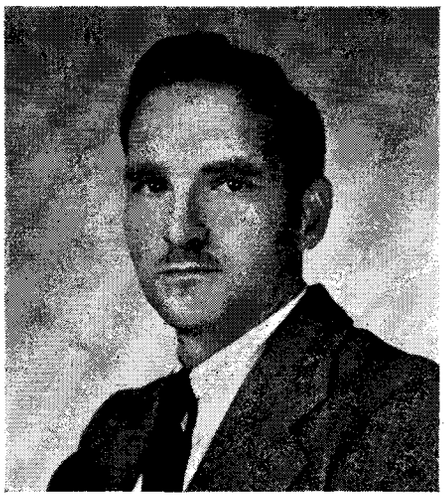
AN amazing farrago, this romance of the American Revolution. Beginning quietly, it takes on a fury which holds the reader breathless. It is like an enthralling movie, from the beginning when Asa Howell mounts the stairway of his house, to the end when he goes into the house, his shadow pacing ahead of him. In the interval we experience, usually through the eyes of his lovely daughter Tempy Ann, the uncertainties, the thrills, and the horrors of the Revolution.

History is handled without gloves. Then, as now, there were conflicts of opinion, pillage, burning, bloodshed, but out of the muck there emerges an ideal. There are Tories who are consistently law-abiding patricians, and there are others who are wild young Cow Boys. There are so-called patriots who are gangs of ruffians, and there are others, like Asa, who quietly decide on a course leading to freedom. A very fair and a very unconventional picture of the turmoil of the times.

The Howell home on the highlands of the Hudson, where the author has his country-place today, is like many a home the world over in these perilous times, literally and figuratively shattered by war. One of the many exciting climaxes is the attack on the house. The inmates naturally unite for defence, but before and after that event the large family circle have every shade of opinion and action.

Our interest is focused on Tempy Ann, an adorably feminine creature, whose fresh charm reminds us of Shakespeare's girls Rosalind or Viola, if you can imagine them plunged into the perplexities of warfare, with a consequent upsetting of moral codes.

What is the perilous night? Doubtless it is the one when the house is attacked and the family are fighting for existence, but there are many nights of peril for Tempy Ann. The night, for instance, when she and her Tory lover are lying in a clump of wild asters, torn by temptation, but resisting it. Again the night is perilous for Tempy Ann when she rides to the scene of the murder, to be told by a drunken lout that her lover is guilty. She strikes him across the mouth, and escapes. Certainly it is a perilous night when, at long last, she gives herself to Philippe, the dashing young French lieutenant. A year later it is a night full of peril when he leaves her, apparently forever. There is another terrible night when she tells her father and her brother that she is going to have a baby and that it is Philippe's. All of this sounds frightfully melodramatic, but it is really appealing. There is a happy ending, too, which the Hays office will approve, and so will everyone else, myself included.



Burke Boyce

Katherine Anne Porter

Naturally, with such multifarious material, the style varies. Slightly stiff and halting at the start, it soon becomes ebullient and flowing. At one extreme the jocose guffaws of the bulky David Milk, at the other the picturesque symbolism of the hills.

Sinclair Lewis once remarked that everyone should burn his first novel. He did, and many believe that he should have continued the practice. I am glad that Burke Boyce did no such thing. To be sure, there are blemishes in the work, as there are, plenty of them, in the work of James Fenimore Cooper, but I believe that "The Perilous Night" is the most interesting novel of the American Revolution since the appearance of Cooper's "Spy" in 1821.

LeRoy Arnold, Professor of Literature of Hamline University, Saint Paul, has lectured for years on new books and plays at Columbia University, the Brooklyn Institute, and throughout the country.

Lizardi . . .

THE ITCHING PARROT (El Periquillo Sarniento). By José Joaquín Fernández de Lizárdi (The Mexican Thinker). Translated from the Spanish, and with an Introduction by Katherine Anne Porter. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1942. 290 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

I SUPPOSE the publication of this translation of a famous Mexican picaresque novel to be motivated, among other causes, by Pan-American sentiments; and certainly the introductory matter on the life of Lizárdi could not be better. The translation would seem to be adequate, and is certainly idiomatic—no small achievement in tasks of this order. It must also be said that any particular chapter of "The Itching Parrot" is likely to contain amusing matter. But when this is said, about all is said on behalf of the book. The difficulty about the picaresque novel is repetition of pattern, so that one section is very much like another section; and inasmuch as the immediacy of appeal which interests the Mexican reader does not exist for the American reader, much life goes out of the work. One finds himself skipping paragraphs, and then pages, and then chapters.

The introductory matter is, however, so absorbing that one wishes the novel were about Lizárdi rather than about Pedro Sarniento. Not only was the life of the author far more interesting than that of the rogue, but in the outline of it here given he is a far more complex, a far more problematical, and a far more human figure. If Miss Porter were to write a series of essays or a book about Mexican literary figures at the level and with the skill she has shown in the introductory essay to "The Itching Parrot," she would do much to increase our understanding of Mexico.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 418)

WILL ROGERS:

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I bet you right now, we'll say, that if somebody could scare up an egg-laying contest in Czechoslovakia, if America could find out where it was, we would send more delegates and lay less eggs than any nation in the whole hen-house.

*Radio talk April 6, 1930.

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Crabb . . .

DINNER AT BELMONT. By Alfred Leland Crabb. New York: Bobbs-Merrill & Co. 1942. 385 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ADA BELL STAPLETON

"COME all ye wayfarin' travelers,
And hearken to my tale. . . ."

sings that paragon of all coach drivers, that superhuman hero of "Dinner at Belmont." Hero he is, for he has a finger in every pie and without that finger few pies would have had any baking; often he furnishes the filling for the pie, whether it is in a city destitute of hams—without even dreams of a College Grove ham—or whether it is off one of the rutted roads in a neglected field where he recovers riderless Pardner, the "hoss" he liked best.

The tragedy of Nashville 1858-65 is foreshadowed, enacted, and reaches its denouement with dramatic intensity. In this historical novel, Dr. Crabb, adhering to his careful research, again proves that "fact is stranger than fiction." Adelicia and Joseph Acklen walk with dignity through those great doors on that high hill where Belmont, "the show place of the city," stands and there in those spacious halls receive their guests: The Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny, William Walker, along with Mrs. James Knox Polk, the McGavocks, the Francis Foggs, Ida Foster, and Gale Thurston.

Equally clever is the author in recapturing the spirit of the men and women who were that day's peace-loving citizens of Nashville, and in creating this inimitable horse-loving, whip-flicking, ballad-singing driver.

The atmosphere of foreboding and fear gives place to the horrors of war. Nashville's youth joins up with the colors. Northern troops invade Nashville. The city surrenders. The older Southerners who refused to take the oath of allegiance are imprisoned.

The youthful and heroic Sam Davis is captured and meets the fate of a spy. Numberless soldier-sons die in battle.

'Twas in the early month of May
When the green buds they were swelling,
Sweet William came from a Western land
And courted Barbara Allen,

sings our hero-driver as the war ends and the engagement of Gale Thurston and Ida Foster ends in their marriage. At Belmont, April 11, 1865, Adelicia Acklen gives her fifth and final dinner.

Nostalgia for the graciousness of that day's living possesses the reader.

Ada Bell Stapleton is Dean of Women at Vanderbilt University in Nashville.

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The Axis in South America

THE NAZI UNDERGROUND IN SOUTH AMERICA. By Hugo Fernández Artucio. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1942. 311 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by STEPHEN NAFT

ONE of the first to call the attention of South America to the threat of Nazi-Fascist infiltration was Dr. Fernández Artucio, professor of philosophy at the University of Montevideo, who at the age of twenty was Secretary General of the Uruguayan Socialist Party. First reaction in government circles to his charges regarding the Nazi danger was to hush up his findings, in the belief that the dangers could be averted by minimizing them or by appeasing the Nazis themselves. Only after the United States, by sending two warships to Montevideo, showed that it would not tolerate the seizing of power by Nazis—even though native dummies—did the Uruguayan government gather enough courage to prosecute the armed conspirators who planned to take over the country for the Fuehrer.

In this book, Dr. Artucio presents in readable style for the general public the threat of Axis fifth columns in South America. His material is timely, despite the fact that in the last two or three years newspapers and magazines of the United States have carried innumerable articles by special correspondents on Fascist activities and conspiracies in "good neighbor" countries. For the book gives a detailed and documented resumé of all the reports on the activities of the Nazis, events which the average newspaper reader probably has long forgotten. It also contains an almost complete roster of the names of the chiefs and leaders of the Nazi organizations, the Gestapo men, their native collaborators and stooges, the ramification and system of the organization, and its infiltration and supporters in government, police, and army circles.

The most important feature, however, is the little known and hitherto least publicized role of the Japanese in South America, their silent penetration and preparation for the ultimate conquest of parts of these countries from within. While the whole world has been aware of the noisy and arrogant propaganda of the Nazi-Fascists, and of their swashbuckling, semi-military organizations in Latin America, openly exercising and parading in uniforms, nothing has been reported about the Japanese, who kept quietly to themselves and who seemed to be interested only in their farms, plantations, or fisheries.

As if to confirm Artucio's material on the large-scale activities of Japan, an Associated Press dispatch on March 22 told of the discovery of Japanese fifth-column plans for the seizure of São Paulo, the richest and most important state in Brazil. They also revealed that the port of Santos is surrounded by a ring of Japanese properties, that water and electric power lines pass through Japanese "farms," that the largest South American explosives factory is surrounded by Japanese holdings and would be blown up as soon as it started to produce war material.

This and other news strengthens such revelations of Artucio's book as that of the settlement of Japanese "farmers" in Colombia, surrounded by electrified wire fences in which an arsenal of rifles, revolvers, and hand grenades was found; how in Peru, where the native Indians are deprived of the vote, Japanese have become mayors of two villages and the town of Ayacucho, capital of the department of the same name; how, also in Peru, 20,000 Japanese form part of the Nazi storm troops, and most of these Japanese are officers of the Japanese army.

The book also gives a good picture of the present political situation and the conflicts between the leftist and rightist parties. It points out those native politicians, whose advent to power would endanger our war efforts. Its charts, maps, and index make it an excellent reference book.

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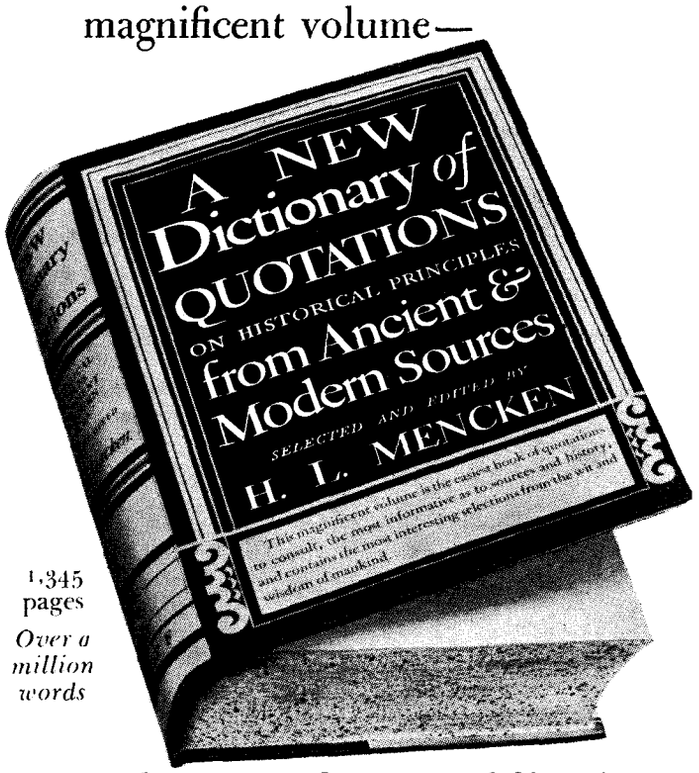

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America South

LATIN AMERICA. By Preston James. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. 1942. 908 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by HUBERT HERRING

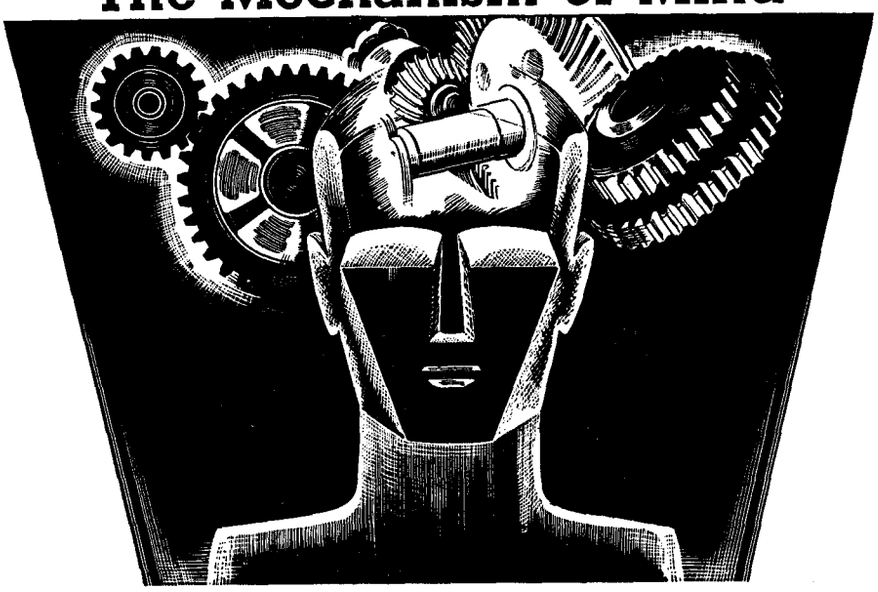
THIS seems designed as the book to end all books on Latin America. Its 900 pages, its charts, its illustrations tell all about the rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, and barbed wire fences of the empire which we illogically lump together under the term "Latin America." Dr. Preston James, who ordinarily teaches geography at the University of Michigan but now serves his country by directing the Latin American Section in Colonel Donovan's Office of Information, gives us an introduction to the entire area, country by country. Here the reader may follow each river to its source, weigh the tons of corn and cotton, count the contented cows, and generally acquire knowledge of what climate and latitute and rainfall do to the livelihood of 125,000,000 Latin Americans. Here, too, is a graphic report on the mountains of iron and the heavy deposits of many metals buried in the Andean cordillera and the Brazilian highlands.

Here is all Latin America between the covers of one book. Of course, it is a geographer's book, and so we are not plagued with politics and politicians. Nor is there much material of the sort which delights the sociologist. Dr. James gives some attention to the way people live, what they eat, how they think—not so much as some may wish. The economist will miss some pertinent facts. He would like a few more dates and figures on the declining nitrate trade of Chile, without which the story of that nation since 1920 is inexplicable. He will occasionally miss the citation of years for important figures. But these are unimportant details as compared with the wealth of fact and interpretation offered.

It is a bewildering book, for Latin America is bewildering. It embraces a tropical empire, a great temperate zone, and the cold lands of Tierra del Fuego. It includes the highest mountains and the greatest stretch of river lowlands. It turns a face of infinite variety towards the world. But Dr. James has taken us further in to the mysteries of this area. His account is the more valuable in that he has steered clear of the exciting but evanescent figures of generals and dictators.

Hubert Herring is the author of one of the most authoritative recent books on Latin America, "Good Neighbors."

The Mechanism of Mind



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THE FORTY-MILLIONTH COLUMBUS

(*Continued from page 4*)

felt that I belonged to the "intelligentsia" and therefore had to know "something about everything." I could not get anything from the papers which carried no other American news than technical exploits like the Lindbergh flight, disasters such as hurricanes, tornadoes and floods in the South, or such acts of violence and lawlessness as ended in prisons and penitentiaries.

There was little I could learn about the United States from the pseudo-Americans visiting Austria who would casually remark that the cars and movie houses in their home country were much superior and the living conditions much better. To satisfy my superficial and passing interest in Uncle Sam I turned to books.

And here the trouble started. I did not know enough English to enjoy reading the voluminous American novels of contemporary writers that I hoped would satisfy my curiosity. (Brought up on British vocabulary and accustomed to the more conservative style of British authors, I find it difficult even today to enjoy some of them.) I had to confine myself to translations. It is remarkable what a mass of foreign writing appeared in German translation prior to 1933—such quantities that German chauvinists declared the *Uebersetzungsliteratur* (translated foreign literature) was killing the interest in contemporary *bodenstaendige* (native German) literature. Nevertheless, a number of excellent American books were not available in German at all. A few good books, representative of the American spirit, were translated but found no favorable press or reading public and soon disappeared. A certain type of book, however, sensational, full of action, and emotionally coarse (at the opposite pole to Thomas Mann's philosophical novels) was widely read (not to mention Zane Grey and the American mystery stories, which infested the libraries and bookstores).

Hermann Melville's sea stories, considered as belonging to the best American literature, are entirely unknown in Central Europe. The same is true of 95 percent of modern American poetry. Happily, Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" is well known in Germany and even had great influence on modern German poetry. On the other hand, an amiable but certainly second or third-rate "philosopher" like old Prentice Mulford, whose name is almost unknown even to educated Americans, enjoyed great popularity in Germany; Prentice Mulford societies were formed and his mediocre truisms and wisecracks were cited as typical of the practical, realistic Yankee mind. As for the theater, "melodramas" like "Abie's Irish Rose" (in German "Dreimal Hochzeit") proving that national or racial differences can best be eliminated by intermarriage, held the Viennese stage for hundreds of evenings, representing American dramatic art, while O'Neill's dramas were known to only a handful of connoisseurs.

My conception of the United States was formed chiefly from the works of five writers who are certainly outstanding American authors but do not represent American culture and opinion exclusively and exhaustively, as I believed they did before I came to this country. They are Theodore Dreiser, Upton Sinclair, Sherwood Anderson, John Dos Passos, and Sinclair Lewis. My selection was perhaps the result of the fact that I borrowed most of my books from one of the *Arbeiter-Buechereien* (Workers' Libraries) established by the leading political party of Vienna, the Social Democrats (public circulating libraries like those in New York were unknown in Austria). They were liberal enough to harbor such "individualistic" works as those of Thoreau or Thornton Wilder. But the librarians recommended "The Jungle" rather than "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

What picture of the United States did I get from these writers? They taught me that America was an unfortunate country, inhabited chiefly by gangsters, merciless businessmen, or philistines, that American clergymen and doctors were hypocrites, that America was no place for an artist to live in without losing his talent and his soul. I was stimulated by the revolutionary zeal of Upton Sinclair and Dos Passos but my excitement died down under the pessimism of Dreiser, the cynical laughter of Sinclair Lewis, and the neurotic bitterness of Anderson. It did not occur to me, for instance, that the working conditions in the Chicago meat industry had improved during the thirty years since the writing of Sinclair's propaganda novel. I was deeply shocked at American injustice on reading "Boston," not knowing that the death sentence pronounced upon Sacco and Vanzetti had been denounced by the majority of Americans and that public opinion had been behind Tom Mooney.

It was not entirely my own fault that I had got such queer ideas about America. The reason for the misconception is clear to me now: the middle class (with the inclusion of the skilled workers) comprising some eighty per cent of the population, does not furnish authors and film producers with such thrilling material as do certain lynched Negro proletarians in Alabama, the sharecroppers in the "Dust Bowl," the underworld of Chicago, or the oil and steel magnates with their numerous amours and extravagant hobbies. We heard next to nothing of the decent, quiet, hardworking, good-humored, average American—because marital happiness, office-work, scientific research, and other "European" phenomena are considered "uninteresting."

I should be much ashamed to admit my former ignorance (tacitly implying that I have come to know a lot more about this strange country by now) if I were not sure that this misconception of America is a common evil in Europe. "We knew nothing of America!" Martin Gumpert, physician and writer, confessed in his recent book, "First Papers." He had thought of it as a "desert of technology, haunted by money-grubbing, lacking all creative impulse," all in all a "chaotic, breathtaking, colonial hodgepodge, an imposing but undirected frenzy of achievement, leaving eccentricity as the sole avenue of escape for the emotions." And here is what a Polish physicist thought about the New World on his way to America: "I know that it is a materialistic, standardized coun-

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try where talk centers around sports, clothes, and the trivialities which lie on the surface of life. A country in which a European feels lonely and lost." (Leopold Infeld, "Quest, The Evolution of a Scientist").

But both of them acknowledged that their ideas had been mistaken, that they had not done more than brush the surface of America. As for myself, the free meals received from the American relief organizations were never entirely forgotten. A strange nation that feeds its foes of yesterday and sends foodstuffs to Russia while rejecting the philosophy of Communism! I heard little, before 1933, about American politics or the American philosophy of life. The travel books I read dwelt on surface things—the skyscrapers in New York, the palm trees in Florida, Yellowstone Park and the Grand Canyon; they extolled American technical achievements, such masterpieces of human skill as the Golden Gate Bridge or the Ford factories. They praised Johnny Weissmuller, the swimmer, and Jack Dempsey, the champion pugilist. Not a word about the American democratic system, no mention of its independence and freedom.

But in 1933 this whole attitude changed. In that year Hitler took over power in Germany and Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated President of the United States. Realizing the terrible threat to world democracy of the Nazi leader, many young liberals looked anxiously westward, across the ocean, as their parents had done fifteen years earlier when the Kaiser's insatiable imperialism threatened to spill all of Germany's blood in the pursuit of a vision of *Siegfrieden* (peace with victory). The rulers of Britain and France were at that time reactionary and weak, and the fall of the German Reichskanzler, Bruening, proved that hunger and misery could not be fought with half-measures and palliatives.

Broadly speaking, we expected some miracle to come to pass that would show the dictators that democracy was not the doomed and rotten thing they declared it to be. The Nazis felt from the very beginning that a powerful opponent to their philosophy of force had arisen in the Western hemisphere. They started a mass attack on the United States by vicious propaganda pamphlets stating that "nothing but Nazism can save the United States, which is a vulgar, corrupt, and basically uncultured land owned by Jews, full of criminals, and clinging to a degenerate form of government."

Indeed, we had heard of ruined "millionaires" who committed suicide by jumping from their Park Avenue apartments, of breadlines and unceasing labor unrest following the crash of 1929. Did the New World need an American Hitler, then, to restore order and save the country from chaos?

But the Austrian liberal press was so much occupied with the sad happenings in neighboring Germany that it gave little space to the startling events that were changing the United States almost over night. Few of us knew clearly what was meant by the Blue Eagle, the N.R.A. or the New Deal, but we understood that the new President meant business and that he had a sincere interest in the "forgotten men."

We liberals were the "forgotten men" of Austria. We tried hard to save Austria from destruction. On the twelfth of March, 1938 we acknowledged that our efforts had been fruitless. Shortly after that I wrote to a paternal friend of mine, a noted musician who had left his native Germany for New York a year before, and asked him to get an "affidavit" for me. In his letters he had frequently warned me not to rely on the semi-fascist clique ruling in Austria but to make haste to America. "How can I leave my native city?" I had replied. "How can I live beyond the boundaries of the German language?"

Events proved that when I had to I could. A half-year spent in a Nazi concentration camp taught me a lesson I shall never forget. It was there that I abandoned my conceit, my pride in being European. It was there that I received my first unbiased eye-witness report on America from a scholar who had lectured in the United States.

While our tiny Norwegian freighter was plowing through the snowstorms of the northern Atlantic, straining to escape a meeting with a Nazi periscope, I threw off whatever European prejudices were left in me. I did not know much about the country that was to become my home, the protector to whom I would turn in my hour of despair. But I had the conviction that this country would be good to me whatever the slander of her enemies.

Beholding, in this mood of confidence, America's lightship on the horizon, and knowing that our good ship would soon be in the safety of American waters, I wrote, in my inadequate English, a sonnet full of thankfulness and hope:

This Heaven is not red with guiltless blood
Nor does this setting tell of hateful spite;
In time we fled from Europe's suicide,
Leaving behind us chains and tears and mud.

Some better life will now unfold, a spring-born bud,
Since we approach that peaceful ship of light
Which rises after weaks of fear and flight
Announcing land, above the darkening flood.

This is America! Another globe
To be a home for races, still suppressed,
Allowed to breathe in freedom there, to cope

With Fate, an equal partner—take this rest
Of Israel into your realm of Hope:
With our blessings be Your country blessed!

A second article by Mr. Werner concerning American impressions of Europe, will shortly be published in The Saturday Review.

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NIGHT FREIGHT MURDERS

A SIMON CROLE mystery, by Robert Fleming. $2.00, Smith & Durrell

Desert Warfare

MEDITERRANEAN FRONT. By Alan Moorehead. New York: Whittlesey House. 1942. 306 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

THOSE interested in the Middle East theatre of war will find "Mediteranean Front" profitable reading.

This well written book by an Australian journalist—Alan Moorehead, correspondent for the *London Daily Express,* who traveled more than 30,000 miles and frequently risked his life for the data that went into it—describes in interesting detail the hit-and-run strategy of desert warfare, where everything depends on perfect coördination. Each unit has its particular job to do, most of the time out of contact with G.H.Q., never sure whether the campaign is going according to plan, seldom knowing if it is in enemy territory. Most of the traveling to position is done at night and the author says that even with the compass they are bothered by mirages.

During 1940-41, when the Italians were on their own in North Africa, where sand and flies are standard equipment, where there is no compromise between frying and freezing, the author saw the Woppies living up to their reputation for being notoriously bad fighters. In practically every engagement, they outnumbered Empire forces at least ten to one, usually more, but if there was the slightest suggestion that the British were determined to fight, then the Italians would wave the white flag, or a rag, or just come pleading to be captured—anything rather than risk death. Safely imprisoned and assured no harm would come to them, they became their arrogant, insolent selves again.

When the British had to deplete their North African forces for the Greek campaign and the Germans came to the Italians' rescue, the picture changed. Mr. Moorehead explains why. Then, when the Empire forces were restrengthened late in 1941 and made another magnificent drive across Libya, only to have to fall back once more, the author again explains why. The answer is insufficient men and material plus able leadership. However, Mr. Moorhead believes that the British are doing a good job, striking the enemy without warning in lightning raids and keeping them in a continual state of jitters, thus preventing the Axis from gaining control of Suez, whence they might go anywhere.

This definite contribution to the panorama of World War II also contains illuminating chapters covering the collapse of the Italian regime in Ethiopia; why and how Greece and Crete fell; and the slaughter of each other by the French in Syria.

The author frequently traveled from front-to-front by airplane and invariably was airsick, but "Mediterranean Front" justifies the physical discomforts as well as the risks involved in getting the material for it.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MODEL CORPSE *Marian B. Clarke* (Hale, Cushman & Flint. $2.)	Merchandise mgr. of Ohio dept. store stabbed and put in display window. Girl helps police chief uncle ferret out crime.	Complicated tangle of amorous and financial intrigue competently unravelled, with some neat bits of store employee background for color.	Run-of-mill
MURDER AT STONE HOUSE *Edith Howie* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Shooting, stabbing, and poisoning enliven girl's visit to Jersey home of fiancee. Lieut. Forde works overtime with obstructive horsey set.	Highly emotional exposé of skeleton filled closets of country gentry. Enough corpses for two novels and a likable heroine.	Good hunting
THE AFFAIR OF THE LIMPING SAILOR *Clifford Knight* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	One death on sea and two on land bother Huntoon Rogers, on lonely Cal. coast isle with party from deserted yacht.	Fatal wind-up of pleasure cruise, on which most of amateur crew hated each other, makes colorful setting for clever sleuthing.	Grade A
NIGHT FREIGHT MURDERS *Robert Fleming* (Smith & Durrell: $2.)	Investigator Simon Crole connects Cal. banquet shooting of "second-rate private dick" with truck drivers' deaths and reaps rich reward.	Crooked police officers, foreign intrigue, beautiful blind adventuress and some very tough eggs capably dished up in agile yarn.	Entertaining

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To the Bibliophile

BOOKMAN'S HOLIDAY. By Vincent Starrett. New York: Random House. 1942. 312 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS reviewer being an incurable book-browser, is entirely in sympathy with Mr. Starrett's researches. The author of "Bookman's Holiday" has carried those researches abroad as far as China and Japan. He is known as a distinguished member of the Baker Street Irregulars, and it is therefore to be expected that one of the leading papers in his book should deal with Martha Hudson, that extraordinary landlady of Sherlock Holmes.

Starrett has investigated the situation of the island called Dead Man's Chest, first hinted at by a stanza in Stevenson later developed by Young E. Allison; the possible American author of the rhymes of Mother Goose (with all the other tangled trails of that subject, some of which I myself have crossed); the biography of that incredible Irishman, Mayne Reid; and curio and bookshops of the "Flowery Kingdom" (*Eheu! fugaces*—), and of that Eastern isle once so romantic to us and now our enemy. He has also delved into the strange subject of eunuchs and their history, has memorialized "Omar Fitzkhayyam," and has gossiped about cats. His volume is to take up in a relaxed hour in one's library, much as one used to read in the works of old Isaac Disraeli. Mr. Starrett has an agreeable style and a curiosity that communicates itself to the reader.

I think the most exciting tale he has to tell concerns the gymnast and rope-walker, Blondin, who, among other innumerable daring feats, carried a man several times across Niagara Falls. This paper, "Blondin, Prince of Manila," deserves long preservation, as does, indeed, the account of the funeral of Anatole France, "October 18, 1924," to be put with Barrie's piece on the death of Meredith. Others have praised Mr. Starrett's "Persons from Porlock," among them Christopher Morley, but I myself still prefer on this general subject a poem by Arthur Davison Ficke called "Immortals in Exile" which gathers together such personages as the postman who lost the sketch of Lessing's "Faust," the serving-maid who laid the MS of the first volume of Carlyle's "French Revolution" upon the coals, the Man from Porlock who broke Coleridge's "wizard song"

> And many more, to me unknown,
> Gathered beneath the trees,—
> Men who perhaps down wells have thrown
> Plays of Euripides—

that, of course, being in pre-Nazi times, before it became a matter-of-course for a whole European nation joyfully to make a bonfire of their own works of art!

I can say, also, that though I do not share Mr. Starrett's passion for ice-cream ("What Do You Do When Your Mother Whips You?") his paper, "Speaking of Oysters," made me so ravenous for those bivalves that they had to be purchased instanter by the lady of the house. There is a delightful bibliophilic story here too, "Folio Old Calf," which every lover of books will take to his breast. Some parts of the book have appeared piecemeal in various periodicals not too widely known. But I recommend the book heartily to all who, like myself, wish to find out what Chinese Detective Stories are really like and the secret of the artist of the "Sleeping Cat" of Nikko. Here is a suave and accomplished bookman who can thoroughly satisfy this desire.

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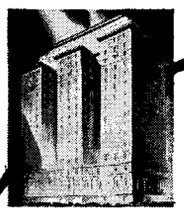

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PERSONALS

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The Crostics Club

FROM two celebrities:
Gelett Burgess writes:
"What's the matter with the definition of slang I wrote 1,000 years ago in the introduction to Wallace Irwin's 'Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum' "?

"Slang is the illegitimate sister of Poetry"

"Your series 11 is now keeping me from my work. When I discovered my name it was sometime before I could recognize the quotation, had altogether forgotten it. Amused, too, to find my name in your column, always a pleasant surprise.

"Double-Crostics are like detective stories. To begin with only three or four clues (words) and trace the deduction with ANDs and THEs and INGs, and uncover from two letters, M and V so long a word as THEMSELVES is like finding the murderer, and when the sense of the quotation begins to appear and helps you like witnesses the chase becomes fast and exciting, and keeps your pencil flying.

"Still, I always dread finding that horrible monstrosity TOWROW which who in the world ever heard alive?"

What do *you* think of *his* definition of slang? Scarcely a yardstick, is it? As for that "horrible monstrosity, *towrow*" is it any worse than *powwow*, or *bowwow*, and doesn't it express perfectly its *noisy* sense?

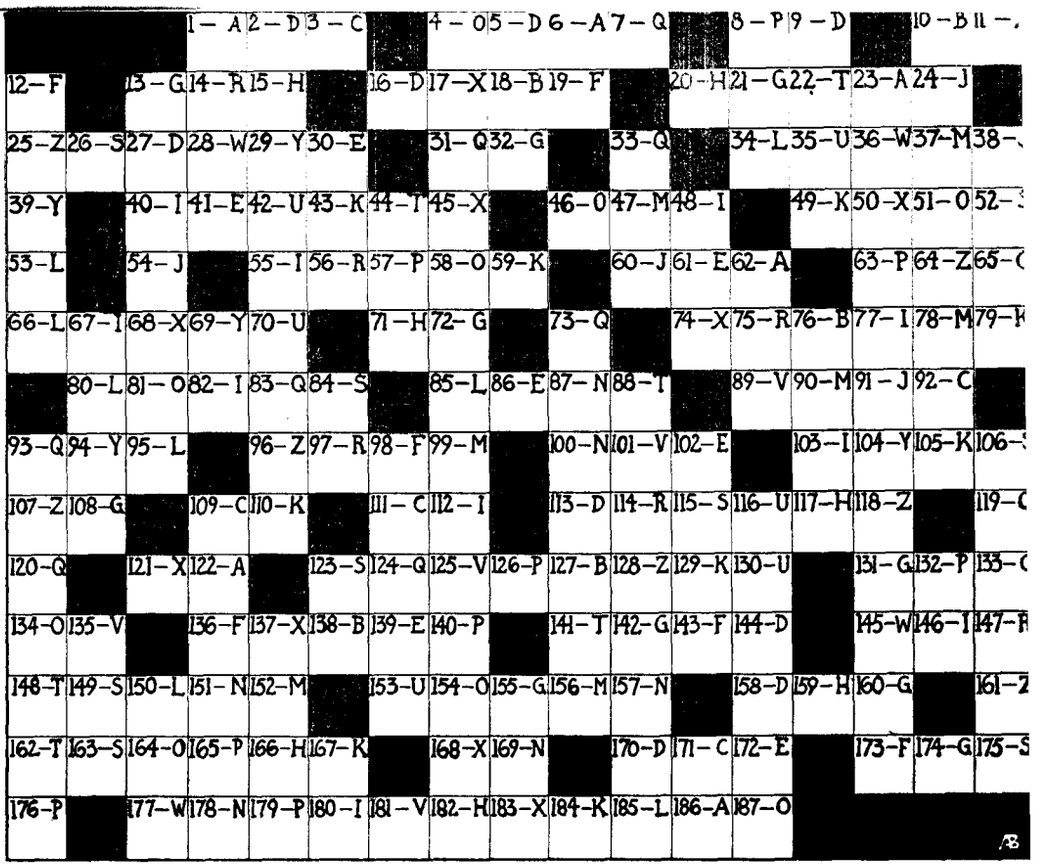
From Elmer Rice:

"I hate to argue with a lady, especially with one who has given me so many hours of intellectual pleasure, but I am really shocked by your sanction of the use of reference books in the solution of Double-Crostics. Such practice seems as immoral to me as the use of slugs in a telephone pay station or subway turnstile. I have done all eleven of your books and some hundreds of the puzzles in the *SRL*—a grand total of seven or eight hundred—with no other tools than logic and a very disorganized and scanty stock of vague literary associations. A few times I have been really stuck but on these occasions I have gracefully acknowledged that you have outwitted me and have looked up the solutions; but I am proud to say that I have never even been tempted to look at a reference book.

"I hope you will change your ruling and impose a more rigid discipline upon your devotees. This is no time to encourage sissies."

Having evolved over 1,000 Double-Crostics in the *SRL* and in my Book Series, each with an average of twenty-six words—our child was eight years old March 30—I myself am forced to give you unusual words occasionally, and I do not always have at my disposal in the Quotation a sufficient number of THEs, ANDs, OFs, etc., to help your wits to the solution. Hence reference books for me—and you!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 419

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A unique slowly accumulating abysmal ocean deposit (2 wds.)

B. First name of tribal names, signifying *men* or *people* (Malay).

C. Moral code of chivalry in feudal Japan.

D. Novelette by Henry James (1898).

E. Vital animal soul in man (Theos.)

F. Painter, friend of Keats (1793-1879).

G. Crazy (colloq. phrase).

H. First English governor of New York (1664-72).

I. Battle marking the turning-point of the Civil War (July, 1863).

J. Like, pertaining to, or having a wing.

K. Repeats a positive assertion.

L. Put down (energetic command; 2 wds.)

M. Greek philosopher of Rhodes, disciple of Aristotle (about 4th cent. B. C.)

N. Having a large or long nose.

O. To subdue.

P. Immediately.

Q. Brilliant-colored Asiatic pheasant.

R. English historian (1777-1859).

S. With authority (Latin).

T. Games constituting one of the four chief Panhellenic festivals.

U. One of the Twelve Apostles.

V. A hamlet (now chiefly in names of places).

W. Mineral.

X. Accompaniment of any sort; especially an attendant sound.

Y. Reddish brown West African reedbuck.

Z. Deviates from the straight line or course.

WORDS

11 6 62 186 23 1 122

127 76 10 18 138

111 65 92 171 109 3 133

27 2 170 5 9 113 158 16 144

61 102 41 86 172 30 139

136 19 98 12 143 173

142 72 32 119 108 174 131 21 155 13 180

159 182 117 71 166 15 20

103 180 67 48 112 40 55 146 82 77

54 24 60 91

105 129 184 110 49 43 79 59 167

95 150 34 185 80 66 85 53

99 90 156 78 37 47 152

178 87 157 151 100 169

58 164 154 134 46 81 4 187 51

63 57 126 140 132 8 165 176 179

83 120 73 93 31 124 33 7

114 75 56 14 97 147

38 175 26 115 52 84 163 106 149 123

88 148 141 162 22 44

35 116 130 42 70 153

125 101 89 181 125

177 36 28 145

17 168 121 74 137 45 68 183 50

29 104 69 94 39

25 181 107 64 128 118 96

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TRADE WINDS

AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES have never been our dish, but it would have been a dull clod indeed who didn't thrill to the ringing declarations by Dorothy Thompson, Wendell Willkie, Archibald MacLeish, and Quentin Reynolds at the Freedom House rally last week. The principal target of every speaker was the type of vicious editorials and feature articles which have been appearing day after day in a few of the most powerful newspapers in the country, and it is good news to know that more and more people in America are beginning to wonder just where freedom of the press ends and downright treason begins. Quentin Reynolds said that when he came back from Russia and Libya six weeks ago he knew that our enemies were Germany and Japan, but since he had been reading some of our leading papers and listening to some of our congressmen in Washington, he is beginning to wonder if we really aren't fighting Britain and the President of the United States.

Personally, we feel that the morale of the man in the street couldn't possibly be better. Misleading editorials aren't fooling him a bit. His mind is made up. If the government will only give him something to do, he'll do it.

As we listened to Mr. Willkie, a new wave of optimism swept over us. If a country can afford to keep a man like that out of an important government post in the present crisis, we figured, what wonderful men we must have in Washington now!

Incidentally, too many elaborate pre-speech banquets are not improving Mr. Willkie's figure. What he needs is a little strenuous Class E tennis competition, and Frank Adams and we are the guys who can give it to him.

THE NIGHT after the Freedom House dinner came the Silver Anniversary party of the Women's National Book Association (how we *do* get around!) and the most pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation of the Constance Lindsay Skinner medal to Irita Van Doren, editor of the *Herald Tribune Sunday Books*. The award is given each year to a woman in the book industry in recognition of meritorious work in her chosen field, and this year the committee could have added "best loved" and "most competent" to its citation without a dissenting voice. If MGM had heard about this award before it began casting "Woman of the Year," Katharine Hepburn would still be looking for a job. Besides, Mrs. Van Doren can cook!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, founder and patron saint of this column, sends a note of encouragement which we are happy to reprint. "The new Trade Winds," he writes, "is a welcome zephyr indeed and old Emeritus Q. sends you his affectionate blessings. Among your other topics, mention the second handers and the edition dealers from time to time; so much extraordinary stuff crops up in their catalogues." We'll be happy to receive such catalogues. 132 East 62nd Street is the address. And this might be the moment to remind Chris that he has not yet come across with the autographed copies of "Kitty Foyle" and "Where the Blue Begins" that he promised Ginger Rogers many weeks ago. Miss Rogers wants them for the library of her new ranch house at Rogue River, Oregon, just completed. Should you be interested in a Hollywood star's reading tastes, Miss Rogers's first purchases for her new shelves consisted of all the books in print by Somerset Maugham and Ernest Hemingway and a complete set of the 282 titles in the Modern Library.

WE HAVE been reading all of the publishers' publicity releases very faithfully. Some of the writers thereof could do with a shot of benzedrine and Walter Pitkin's old course at the Columbia S. of J. on what you can sneak by a city editor's vigil and what you cannot. Most erudite and disarming release of each week is apt to be "The Pleasures of Publishing," written for the Columbia University Press by Donald Geddes. It will be worth your while to see that your name is added to that mailing list.

BENNETT CERF.

Important Change

CLOSING DATE: for submission of manuscripts in Harper's

$12,500 Non-Fiction Prize Contest

has been extended from May 1st to June 1st, 1942. This action has been taken in response to widespread requests from writers in this country and in England for more time to complete their books. In view of the interruptions to literary work caused by war conditions as well as delays in transmission of manuscripts, the publishers have gladly agreed to extend the time of submission by one month from May 1st to June 1st. For complete details of the Contest address 125th Anniversary Contest, Harper & Brothers, 49 E. 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

Note: This is *not* a novel contest.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FACIAL PECULIARITIES

The faces of many characters in literature are memorable for their marked peculiarities. From the brief descriptions of their countenances given below, can you identify the members of this group? Allowing 5 points for each person you can name, and another 5 if you can recall the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 7.

1. Every time he told a lie his nose grew longer.
2. Because this animal was so full of 'satiable curiosity about what the crocodile ate for dinner, he got his nose twisted out of shape.
3. Across this woman's mouth and chin a hammer blow had left a scar which changed color with her emotions.
4. So mobile were the muscles of this detective's face that he could assume forty different disguises without the aid of makeup.
5. His superior officer called this corporal "The Knight of the Burning Lamp" because his nose was so red from drinking.
6. The face of this mountebank had been deliberately disfigured in childhood so that he appeared to be always laughing.
7. In order to continue at night the search for his beloved, this forlorn lover made himself a nose "of vast proportions and painted red, and tied with cords to the back of his head."
8. The nose of this child was squashed at birth by the doctor's forceps.
9. The eyes of this nearsighted linen weaver were so markedly protuberant that they frightened his superstitious neighbors.
10. This valiant and romantic swordsman was so sensitive about his huge nose that he gallantly wooed his lady love for another, more handsome soldier.

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